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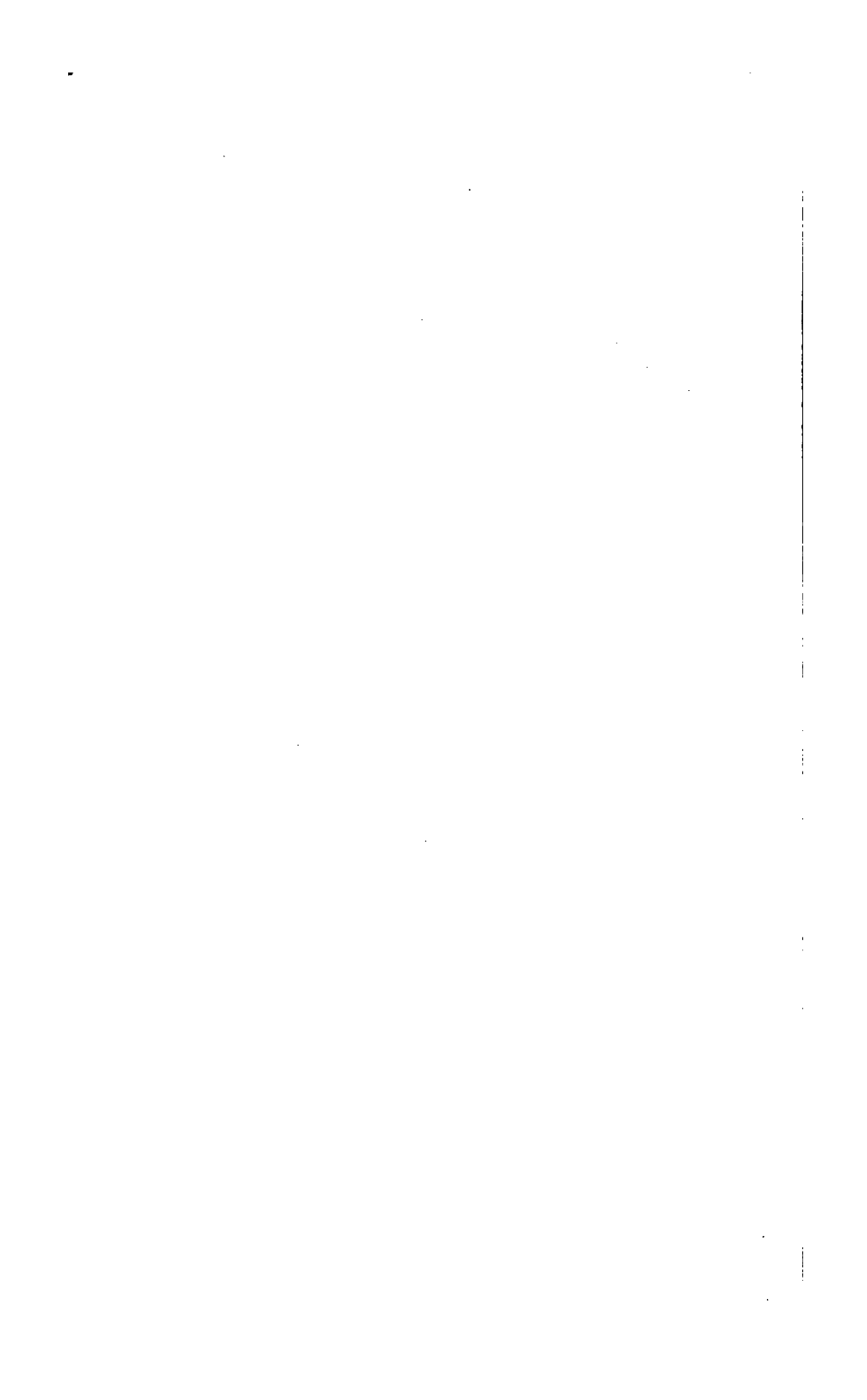
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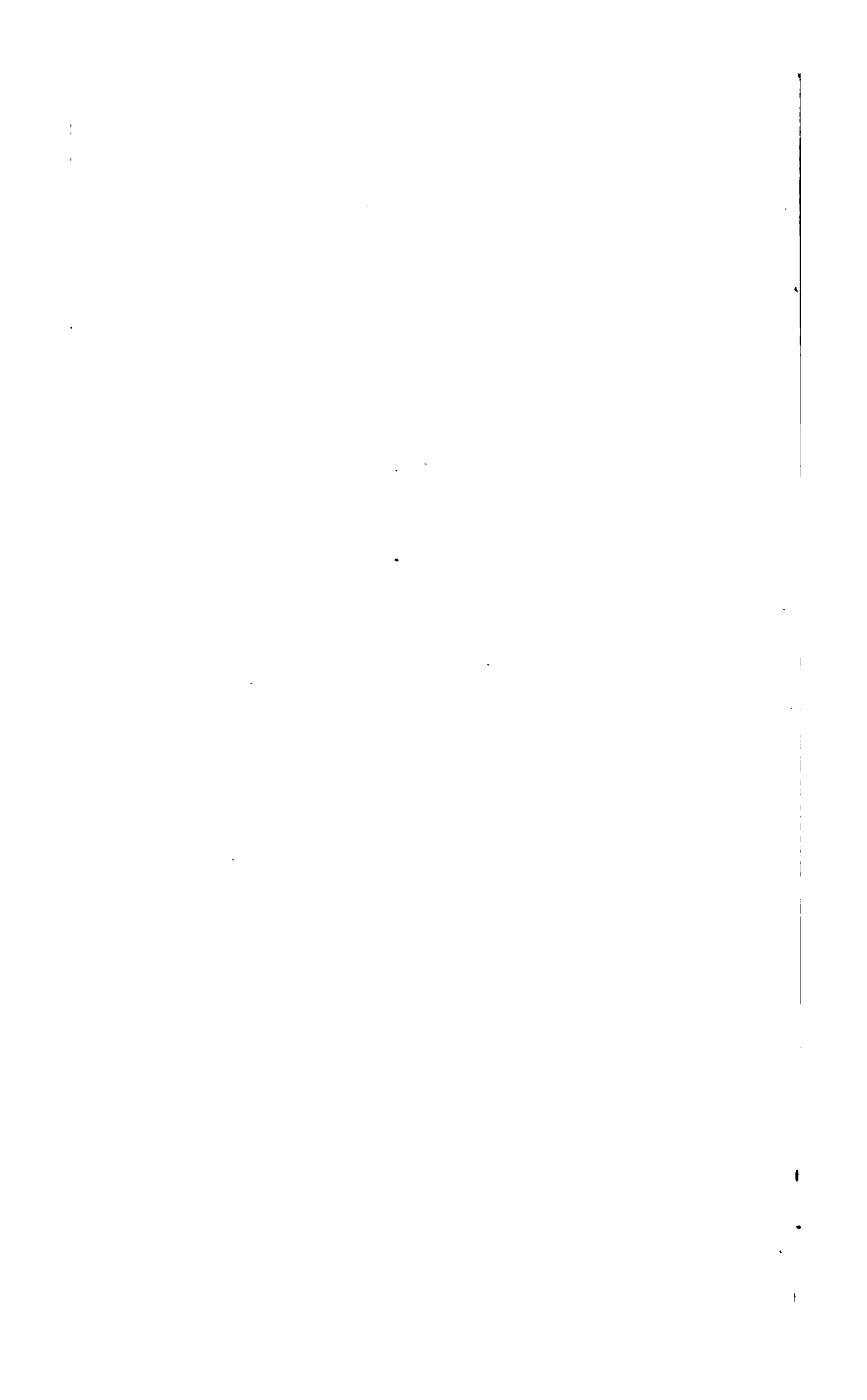
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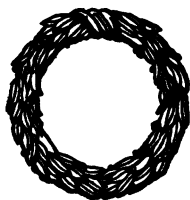
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FOUR ADDRESSES



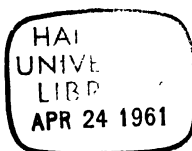
FOUR ADDRESSES
BY HENRY LEE HIGGINSON
THE SOLDIERS' FIELD: THE HARVARD
UNION I: THE HARVARD UNION II
ROBERT GOULD SHAW



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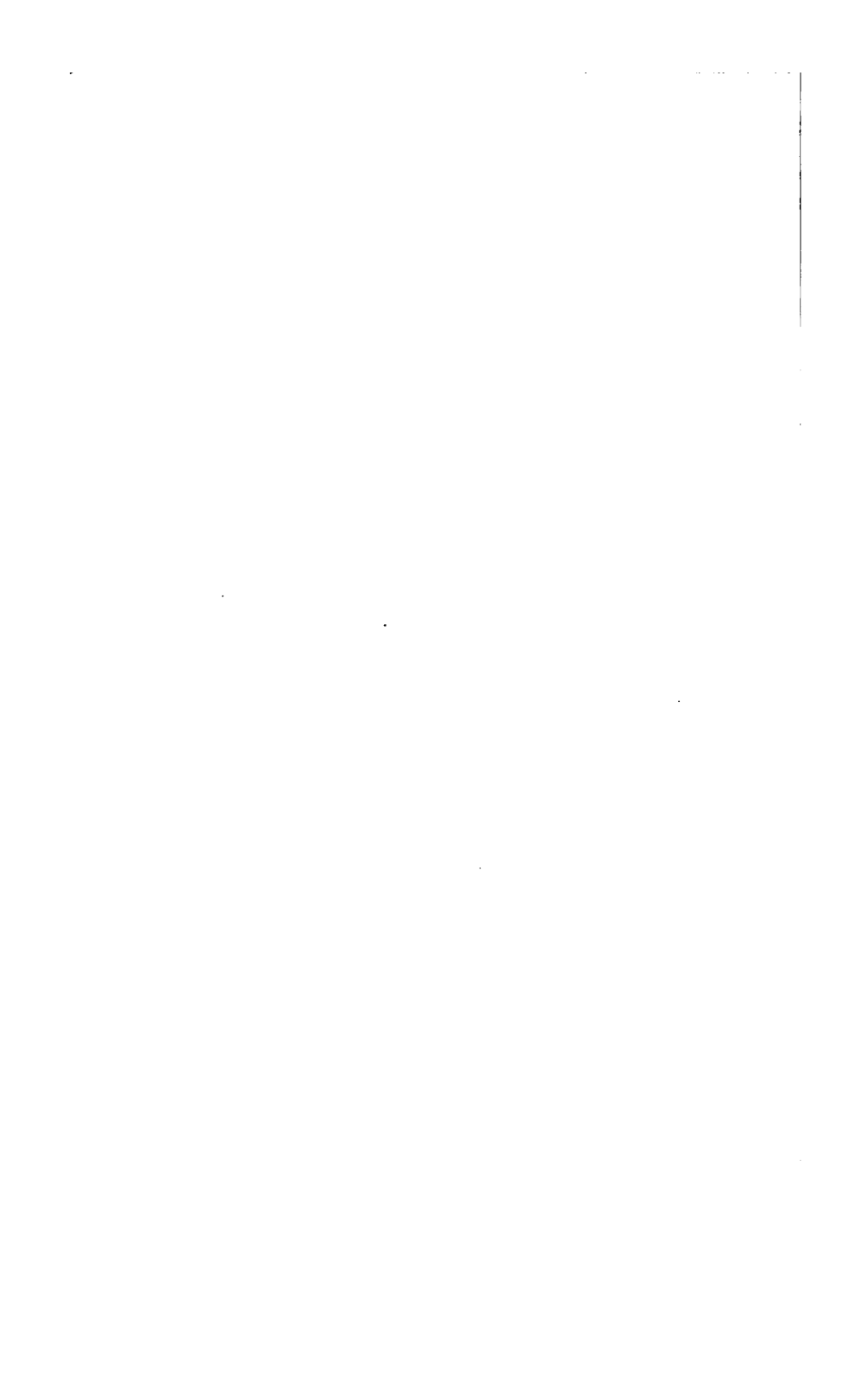
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THE SOLDIERS' FIELD

JUNE 10, 1890







H. L. H.
1863

THE SOLDIERS' FIELD

OVER four hundred students and graduates of Harvard University assembled in Sever Hall on the evening of June 10, 1890, to hear about "The Soldiers' Field," which had been given to the University by Mr. Henry L. Higginson.

President Eliot spoke as follows:—
Gentlemen: At a meeting of the Corporation yesterday, the following letter was presented:

Boston, June 5th, 1890.

To the President and Fellows of Harvard College, Cambridge.

Gentlemen: The deeds of Miss Willard's estate will be passed to you to-day, and with them my wish in regard to it.

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The estate henceforth belongs to the College without any condition or restriction whatsoever, and for use in any way which the Corporation may see fit.

My hope is that the ground will be used for the present as a playground for the students, and that, in case you should need the ground by and by for other purposes, another playground will be given to the students.

But the gift is absolutely without condition of any kind.

The only other wish on my part is that the ground shall be called "The Soldiers' Field," and marked with a stone bearing the names of some dear friends,—alumni of the University, and noble gentlemen,—who gave freely and eagerly all that they

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had or hoped for, to their country and to their fellow-men in the hour of great need—the war of 1861 to 1865 in defence of the Republic.

James Savage, Jr., Charles Russell Lowell, Edward Barry Dalton, Stephen George Perkins, James Jackson Lowell, Robert Gould Shaw.

This is only a wish, and not a condition; and, moreover, it is a happiness to me to serve in any way the College, which has done so much for us all. I am, with much respect,

Very truly yours,

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

You are too young to remember these men, but I remember them all. They were all young,—the youngest about twenty-six,—about the same age as the men in our professional schools. They were all schoolmates,

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college classmates, or intimate friends of Mr. Higginson. He who gives you this field was at college here, and afterward studied in Europe. He enlisted in the infantry at the breaking out of the Rebellion, was transferred to the cavalry, and, after serving faithfully, had to leave the service in 1864 from the effects of his wounds. His six friends died; he lived, became a successful man of business, and has made the best possible uses of his money. He has promoted music in Boston as no other man ever has. This gift which he now makes to you is very near his heart, for, in giving you this land, he feels that he is doing what his friends would have liked to have him do. He wishes to promote manly sports among you and to commemorate the soldier of 1861.

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He has come here to-night to tell you of his wish and his hope.

Mr. Higginson then said:—

I THANK you for receiving me here to-night, and I thank President Eliot for his kind words. I have come to tell you of my reasons for helping you to a playground, and of my wish to link with it my thoughts of the past and my hopes for your future. The story which I have to tell is moving to me, and, if my voice fails, I can only ask you for a hand.

It has been evident for some time that the college playgrounds were too small, and therefore the Corporation of the University and your Athletic Committee have sought to enlarge them. Just across the river, towards Brighton, lie some beautiful marshes in a lovely surrounding of

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hills, woods, and water, in which Mr. Longfellow used to delight as he gazed at them from his windows; and which he and other friends gave to the College, with the provision that they should be kept open and used for play, if wanted for that purpose. Last summer these marshes were surveyed in order to learn the practicability of draining and using them. But, the other day, when an approach to them was needed, the owner of the adjoining estate refused to sell the right of way. So the Corporation looked at the land of this recalcitrant owner, and considered its value for your games and for its own future needs. The estate lies just across the Brighton Bridge, to the right, and takes in about twenty-one acres of upland pasture, and about

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ten acres of marsh—in all about thirty-one acres—with a couple of houses. The Corporation approved of the land and has acquired it. Do you approve also? I hope so, and, if it suits you, one point will have been gained. You will have a walk to it, but not long enough to weary strong men. Try the ground and see if it is good for your uses.

It is very pleasant to do you a kindness, and every one is glad of a chance to serve the dear old College. She needs help, and thought, and devotion, and gratitude from us all, for she has given us and our land more than any one of us will give back. She will keep on giving; and I now ask a kindness of her.

This field means more than a

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playground to me, for I ask to make it a memorial to some dear friends who gave their lives and all that they had or hoped for, to their country and to their fellow-men in the hour of great need—the War of the Rebellion. They gave their lives in the cause of virtue and good government, and to save our nation from the great sins of disunion and of slavery. This is what we claim for our Northern men.

These friends were men of mark, either as to mental or moral powers, or both, and were dead in earnest about life in all its phases. They lived in happy homes and were surrounded with friends, mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sweethearts, —had high hopes for the future and with good cause, too; but, at the

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first call of our great captain, Abraham Lincoln, they went at once, gladly, eagerly to the front, and stayed there. Not a doubt, not a thought of themselves, except to serve: and they did serve to the end, and were happy in their service.

They were men of various talents and they had various fortunes.

One of them was first scholar in his class—thoughtful, kind, affectionate, gentle, full of solicitude about his companions, and about his duties. He was wounded in a very early fight of the war and, after his recovery and a hard campaign on the peninsula, was killed at Glendale on the fourth of July, '62. Hear his own words: "When the class meets in years to come and honors its statesmen and judges, its divines

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and doctors, let also the score who went to fight for their country be remembered, and let not those who never returned be forgotten." If you had known JAMES LOWELL, you would never have forgotten him.

Another I first saw one evening in our first camp at Brook Farm—a beautiful, sunny-haired, blue-eyed boy, gay and droll, and winning in his ways. In those early days of camp-life, we fellows were a bit homesick and longed for the company of girls—you know how it is yourselves—and I fell in love with this boy, and I have not fallen out yet. He was of a very simple and manly nature—steadfast and affectionate, human to the last degree—without much ambition except to do his plain duty. You should have seen

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ROBERT SHAW as he, with his chosen officers, led away from Boston his black men of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts amid the cheers of his townsmen. Presently he took them up to the assault of Fort Wagner, and was buried with them there in the trench.

Still another fine, handsome fellow, great oarsman, charming companion, wit, philosopher, who delighted in intellectual pursuits, and in his fellow-creatures, whom he watched with his keen eyes and well understood, was killed in a foolish, bloody battle while stemming the tide of defeat. He was at this time too ill to march; but, with other sick officers, left the ambulances because he was needed in this fight. I well remember almost our last day together—sitting on a log in a slug-

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gish stream in Maryland, washing ourselves and our clothes, and then drying ourselves in the sun,—and his wonderful talk of the delights of an intellectual life. That was his realm, and no one in our young days did more to mould his mates than STEPHEN PERKINS did.

Yet another—a first scholar, because he couldn't help it—full of thought, life, and intense vigor—brimful of ideas—brilliant and strong beyond compare—had soon after leaving college exhausted himself by overwork. After distinguished service with his regiment and on the staff of General McClellan, who singled him out for honor, he led his troopers of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry in the Shenandoah campaign of '64, was always in the front, lost

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thirteen horses in his daring efforts to win success, and at last, when so wounded that he could not speak, rode forward in his last charge, when Sheridan had come back to win the battle of Cedar Creek. Read the story of that splendid campaign and see how even there the figure of CHARLES LOWELL stands out.

These friends were men of unusual powers, but they all bowed down to the goodness and the purity of one other—JAMES SAVAGE. He also was an enthusiast, and had little health and no words,—but ate himself up with his thoughts and his fiery wishes—sometimes as gay as a lark and then depressed from ill health and disappointment with himself—very fond of his books and of nature—much given to games and a great rusher

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at football from pure will-power and enthusiasm—courageous to the last degree. We two fellows went to Fitchburg just after war was declared, to recruit a company for the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and when our regiment was ready to march, the colors were intrusted to us. This recruiting was strange work to us all, and the men who came to our little recruiting office asked many new questions, which I did my best to answer; but often these recruits would turn to the "captain," as they called him, listen to his replies and then swear allegiance, as it were, to him. He, the quietest and most modest of men, was immensely impressive, for he was a real knight—just and gentle to all friends, defiant to the enemies of

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his country and to all wrong-doers. He also fell wounded in that most foolish battle, where his regiment lost fourteen out of twenty-two officers, and was sacrificed to the good of the army. He died in the hands of the enemy, who tended him kindly and were deeply moved by his patience and his fortitude.

The last was a physician, by choice and by nature, if intelligence, energy, devotion, and sweetness can help the sick. After various services from the outstart till '64, he was put by General Grant in charge of the great hospital camp at City Point in Virginia, where ten thousand sick and wounded men lay. Here he worked out his life-blood to save that of others. If I may turn to football language, he played "full-back," and no

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one ever reached the last goal if human power could stop him.

After the end of the war, New York City needed a vigorous medical officer to cleanse it and guard it against a threatened epidemic, and leading men turned to our friend for this work. General Grant was then in command of the army, and was asked to recommend this physician. But the General was weary of such requests, and refused without even knowing who the candidate was.

"But hear his name, at least," these citizens said; and they told it to him.

Grant at once wrote: "Dr. EDWARD DALTON is the best man in the United States for this place." And Dr. Dalton did one more public service and then settled into pri-

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vate life. Presently he died of disease brought on by exhaustion during the war.

All these men were dear friends to me; and with three of them I had lived from childhood on the most intimate terms, doing and discussing everything on earth, and in heaven, as boys will,—living, indeed, a very full life with them, and through them,—so full were they of thoughts, and hopes, and feelings, about all possible things. These men are a loss to the world, and heaven must have sorely needed them to have taken them from us so early in their lives. And now I ask to mark their names and memories on our new playground. Shall we call it “The Soldiers’ Field”? Of course, thousands and thousands

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of other soldiers deserved equally well of their country, and should be equally remembered and honored by the world. I only say that these were my friends, and therefore I ask this memorial for them.

Mr. James Russell Lowell has, at my request, given me a few words of his own for the stone to be put up on this field, and also some lines of Mr. Emerson. I will read them to you:—

*To the Happy Memory of James Savage, Jr.,
Charles Russell Lowell, Edward Barry Dal-
ton, Stephen George Perkins, James Jackson
Lowell, Robert Gould Shaw,—Friends, Com-
rades, Kinsmen,—who died for their Country,
this Field is dedicated.*

*“Though love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
‘Tis man’s perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die.’”*

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And let me say here that the war was not boy's play. No men of any country ever displayed more intelligence, devotion, energy, brilliancy, fortitude, in any cause than did our Southern brothers. Hunger, cold, sickness, wounds, captivity, hard work, hard blows,—all these were their portion and ours. Look at the records of other wars and you'll nowhere find examples of more courage in marching and fighting, or greater losses in camp or battle, than each side showed. We won because we had more substitutes and more supplies; and also from the force of a larger patriotism on our side. We wore them out. Let me tell you of just one case. A friend and comrade, leading his regiment in the last days of the war into Richmond, picked up

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a voluntary prisoner, and this is the conversation between them:—

“Why did you come in?”

“Well, me and the lieutenant was all there was left of the regiment, and yesterday the lieutenant was shot, and so I thought I might as well come in.”

It was not boy's play; and to-day these Southern brothers are as cordial and as kindly to us as men can be, as I have found by experience.

Now, what do the lives of our friends teach us? Surely the beauty and the holiness of work and of utter, unselfish, thoughtful devotion to the right cause, to our country, and to mankind. It is well for us all, for you and for the boys of future days, to remember such deeds and such lives and to ponder on them. These men

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loved study and work, and loved play too. They delighted in athletic games, and would have used this field, which is now given to the College and to you for your health and recreation. But my chief hope in regard to it is, that it will help to make you full-grown, well-developed men, able and ready to do good work of all kinds,—steadfastly, devotedly, thoughtfully; and that it will remind you of the reason for living, and of your own duties as men and citizens of the Republic.

On you, and such as you, rests the burden of carrying on this country in the best way. From the day of John Harvard down to this hour, no pains or expense have been spared by teachers and by laymen to build up our University (and pray remember

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that it is our University—that it belongs to us—to you and to me), and thus educate you; and for what end? For service to your country and your fellow-men in all sorts of ways—in all possible callings. Everywhere we see the signs of ferment,—questions social, moral, mental, physical, economical. The pot is boiling hard and you must tend it, or it will run over and scald the world. For us came the great questions of slavery and of national integrity, and they were not hard to answer. Your task is more difficult, and yet you must fulfil it. Do not hope that things will take care of themselves, or that the old state of affairs will come back. The world on all sides is moving fast, and you have only to accept this fact, making the best of everything,—

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helping, sympathizing, and so guiding and restraining others, who have less education, perhaps, than you. Do not hold off from them; but go straight on with them, side by side, learning from them and teaching them. It is our national theory and the theory of the day, and we have accepted it, and must live by it, until the whole world is better and wiser than now. You must in honor live by work, whether you need bread or not, and presently you will enjoy the labor. Remember that the idle and indifferent are the dangerous classes of the community. Not one of you would be here and would receive all that is given to you, unless many other men and women had worked hard for you. Do not too readily think that you have done enough,

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simply because you have accomplished something. There is no enough, so long as you can better the lives of your fellow-beings. Your success in life depends not on talents, but on will. Surely, genius is the power of working hard, and long, and well.

One of these friends, Charles Lowell, dead, and yet alive to me as you are, wrote me just before his last battle:—

“Don’t grow rich; if you once begin, you’ll find it much more difficult to be a useful citizen. Don’t seek office; but don’t ‘disremember’ that the useful citizen holds his time, his trouble, his money, and his life always ready at the hint of his country. The useful citizen is a mighty, unpretending hero; but we are not going

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to have a country very long unless such heroism is developed. There! what a stale sermon I'm preaching! But, being a soldier, it does seem to me that I should like nothing so well as being a useful citizen."

This was his last charge to me, and in a month he was in his grave. I have tried to live up to it, and I ask you to take his words to heart, and to be moved and guided by them.

And just here let me, a layman, say a word to you experts in athletic sports. You come to college to learn things of great value beside your games, which, after all, are secondary to your studies. But, in your games, there is just one thing which you cannot do, even to win success. You cannot do one tricky or shabby thing.

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Translate tricky and shabby—dishonest, ungentlemanlike.

Princeton is not wicked; Yale is not base.

Lately I travelled with an ex-Southern artillery officer, and was rather glad that I did not try a year or two ago to take his guns. I asked him of his family, and he said: "I've just sent a boy to Yale, after teaching him all in my power. I told him to go away, and not to return with any provincial notions. Remember," I said, "there is no Kentucky, no Virginia, no Massachusetts, but one great country."

Mates, the Princeton and the Yale fellows are our brothers. Let us beat them fairly if we can, and believe that they will play the game just as we do.

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Gentlemen, will you remember that this new playground will only be good if it is used constantly and freely by you all, and that it is a legacy from my friends to the dear old College, and so to you?

SPEECH
AT A MASS MEETING TO CELEBRATE
THE GIFT OF THE BUILDING OF
THE HARVARD UNION
SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE
NOVEMBER 13
1899

[illegible]

THE HARVARD UNION

I

GREETING: Harvard College is not the corner-stone of the Republic, but it tries to furnish fit material for the building up the Republic,—men of education, of high purpose and power to execute, men of character who will look their fellows in the face and speak the truth—good public and private citizens. Such is the task of every university in our beautiful land, and for this task Harvard must be thoroughly equipped. For this equipment is needed, beside teachers, lectures, and books, the freest and fullest intercourse between the students.

When I was a small boy, a companion said to me one day, “Father says that if he can ever help Harvard

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College, he will do it." The father died long ago, having fulfilled his promise, and his son's name stands first on the tablet on Soldiers' Field.

His words and thoughts, with those of my other friends over there, have rung in my ears and remained in my heart during all these long years, a precious legacy of early friendship. What good luck, then, to have the chance and power to help Harvard College! Whatever we may do for her, it will not equal what she has done for us; and be sure also that no Harvard man will outstrip the limit of his duty towards his University or his country.

Thinking of these friends, many faces of their college cronies and friends and mine rise before me, and I would say a few words of them to

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show you what earnest effort and free companionship has done for them and how they have used their powers.

JOHN ROPES,—indefatigable student and writer; founder of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts—once overseer of the University; honest, fearless citizen; cheerful, affectionate friend, whose hospitality was boundless, whose chair at the “Pudding” may be empty, but whose place in the hearts of many young fellows—aye, and old fellows, too—will always be warm.

PHILLIPS BROOKS,—with his splendid gifts of head and of spirit heated by his great heart to noble work; a great preacher, whose glowing thoughts and words inspired and comforted hosts of men and women wherever the English tongue was

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spoken; a man of God, simple as a child, yet doing the work of ten men.

Our own CHIEF JUSTICE, with his abundant knowledge, his upright, fearless mind, and his eloquent, charming tongue.

A noble physician and able servant of Harvard, Dr. WALCOTT, who has given us the admirable systems of water-supply and of drainage in Massachusetts, and who has tended and mended the hospital service of our Commonwealth.

JOHN GRAY,—a great lawyer and teacher of law, who has instructed and guided our students and has been the counsellor and mainstay of his many friends, both in joy and in sorrow.

EDWARD HOOPER,—our late Harvard treasurer, wise and sagacious

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both in the field of finance and in the councils of the College during a service of twenty-five years.

The president of the first committee for the "University Club,"—a chronicler of early New England times; an ADAMS, who has been true to the traditions of his family for hard work and plain speaking in the public service.

His brother, JOHN ADAMS, and MARTIN BRIMMER,—pilots of Harvard, sterling friends, and leaders in all public affairs; men who have thought only high thoughts of their college and their country, and whose words and actions have kept step with their thoughts.

A gallant fellow, THEODORE LYMAN, who, graduating from college with abundant means, chose a serious

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life of study and of service to science, to his State, to his Country, until beaten down by a terrible, lingering illness and death.

JAMES PEIRCE,—an ardent student, teacher, and friend, who has served the College well during forty-five years, from the office of proctor to that of Dean of the University.

One man,—only by adverse chance not a Harvard man,—a great railroad president, who, in a very troubled time, quietly and cheerfully sacrificed one-half the earnings of a long life in order to avert a severe catastrophe to our land—a deed close hidden under a bushel for all time.

A genuine Harvard man of international name and fame, who has developed a great scientific industry on true business principles, and who has

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poured out without stint his own earnings and his whole life to promote science and to build up the Zoölogical Museum, where you will find written only this inscription:—

“Ludovici Agassiz Patri Filius Alexander.”

And, lastly, one man who has toiled without cessation for thirty-five years to achieve his own boundless hopes and aims for our University and for the education and welfare of our country; who each day grows fuller of zeal for his work and of hope and sympathy for the students and teachers of the University which he has so ably guided; a great university president and public citizen.

Finally, rise up the faces of our Harvard women,—of that dear lady, who, her own life-work accomplished,

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espoused the cause of woman's education, and, with friends and neighbors holding the same faith, founded Radcliffe College.

And yet one more daughter of the University, who has spent her years and her strength in the cause of education, and who, among her countless benefactions, founded with her own head and hands and means the system of Kindergarten for the poor, and carried it on her shoulders until it was adopted by the City of Boston.

Such have been the lives of the friends left to us; and thinking of my comrades across the river, and remembering how quietly and happily, with their eyes fixed on the sun, they rode into the valley of death and never came back, I mourn their absence,—not for the pain, the void,

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the loss of their sunshine and of their dear companionship, but for the loss of the deeds which they would have given to us and to our country.

These friends, living and dead, one and all wrote on their banners, "Honor, truth, love, and service to our fellow-men and to the Republic"; and holding their banners high, they carried them to the front.

If you would know the life of a great public citizen, read the "Life and Letters of John M. Forbes" and see how, in the hour of our greatest national peril and suffering, no scheme was too daring, no task too great, no cost of life-blood or treasure too much, if only he could help his country and serve his fellows, clinging always to the cause of the many as against the few, insisting on the spirit

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of true democracy, and declaring that it did not matter who did a good piece of work, so it was done.

To all these men and women, close companionship and friendship were essential, both as a joy and as a power to mould their lives and deeds; and in our simple college life forty years ago, this friendship came perforce and bred mutual reliance.

Is there a better or sweeter thing on earth than the free and close intimacy of young fellows, discussing everything on earth and in heaven, tossing the ball from one to another, lifting each other to a higher plane, as healthy, earnest boys will, and thus learning to know their comrades and themselves?

This great blessing and all others the University earnestly seeks for

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you, and in due course it will require of you full results. The government of the University has steadily striven to offer the largest opportunities for instruction,—lecture-rooms, dormitories, athletic buildings and grounds,—and thus has drawn an ever-growing stream of students to its doors. And by this very action it has unwittingly imperilled the comradeship and social life of the University. The old clubs, with their happy traditions, are delightful; but their membership is small and entails expenses too large for most young men. Thus have crept in habits of exclusiveness and of luxury in living which hurt our democratic university. President Hadley of Yale, in his inaugural address, noted well this fact as a serious evil at New Haven. In latter years, many a boy

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has lived through a lonely course here and gone away as lonely as he came.

We cannot bear such a result, cannot tolerate this sense of isolation; and, further, we must see to it that young men entering our University stand on a footing equal in all respects until they themselves, by their merits or faults, have raised or lowered it. Any other basis implies a failure in the system of our University, which, in the name of true civilization, we will strive to avert.

A Harvard student needs and has the right to every advantage which the government of the University can give. Neither books, nor lectures, nor games can replace the benefits arising from free intercourse with all his companions—the education of friendship. The proverb says, “We have as many

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uses for friendship as for fire and water."

Therefore, we will build a great house on college grounds, and vest it in the President and Fellows of the Corporation. We will call it the Harvard Union, and it shall be the meeting-house of all Harvard men—alumni, students, teachers. It shall pay to the University a full rental for its land, and meet its own expenses as a condition of its being; and it shall be beholden to nobody but to Harvard men and Harvard lovers. It shall have large, simple, comfortable rooms; ample space for reading, study, games, conversation; and a great hall where all may meet and hold the freest talk in public. In this house should centre all the college news of work, athletics, sport, of

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public affairs; and there, we hope, may be found a corner and a chair and a bit of supper for the old and homeless alumni from other cities.

If you choose, we will place in our great hall a memorial to the Harvard men who died in the Cuban war. To me, such a memorial seems most fitting and welcome.

The Harvard Union will in no way antagonize the other clubs, which are so pleasant and so useful; but it needs the support of our whole University world. Note well that fact. Therefore, we will urge every living Harvard man to join us for his sake and ours.

The setting-up of such a meeting-house is a little matter, but the holding-up of it on a large-minded, generous, lasting basis is a great matter and is impossible unless you, one and

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all, make it easy. Change it, develop it, do with it what you will, so you keep its character; but use it constantly and in a kindly spirit, and in later life come back to it as to your home.

Just one more point: To whom the conception of a Harvard Union is due is beyond my knowledge; but we owe the fostering of the idea to many men, and we owe the grounds to the Corporation. As you see, it is the result of Harvard team-work, of mutual reliance, the future abiding-place of comradeship; and therefore let it never and in no place bear any name except that of JOHN HARVARD. We will nail open the doors of our house, and will write over them:—

“The Harvard Union welcomes to its home all Harvard men.”

THE HARVARD UNION

OCTOBER 15, 1901





H. L. H.
1900



THE HARVARD UNION

II

MR. PRESIDENT, Teachers, Graduates, and Students of Harvard University,—Friends All.

This house is finished and you all are welcome to its halls. Of its origin and history you have known something, and now will you listen to a few facts about it, and to a few thoughts concerning it, which have come to me during the past summer?

For several years men have dreamed of and striven for such a plan, and thus have laid the foundation for it. Two Harvard Professors especially have given it much thought and labor, and a large committee of students, with the help of other teachers and graduates, have threshed out the constitu-

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tion and selected the books. When the building was set on foot, three graduates at once asked to furnish the house. Mr. James H. Hyde of '98 has given us the library—both fittings and books. Mr. Francis L. Higginson of '63, and Mr. Augustus Hemenway of '75, old and proved friends of the University, have given us the furniture.

These carved panels, these mantel-pieces and coats of arms at either end of the hall, as well as the brass wreath in the floor yonder, are gifts of various graduates, students, and friends. The bust of John Harvard is the work and the gift of the distinguished sculptor, Mr. Daniel C. French, and the bust of Washington together with the eagle and the stag-horns we have from the hands of our great architect.

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The chief happiness of this architect seems to lie in the beautification of our college grounds, and with the help of his able lieutenant, a late graduate, he has made this building a labor of love. He has outdone even himself.

Thus you see that our house springs from the imagination and the work of many men, and you may be sure that the work and the joy of building it have gone hand in hand.

It is pleasant to record such an united effort in behalf of Mother Harvard, for she exists only through the constant labor and bounty of her friends. It is her whole mission in life to pour out her blessings on us, and we as grateful children can do no less than hold up and strengthen her hands, thus emulating the ex-

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ample of her friends outside, who have of late showered her with gifts in so splendid and thoughtful a fashion.

Wandering through Europe during the last six months I have again been deeply impressed by the wonderful beauty of the Gothic cathedrals with their noble architecture, their windows of splendid colored glass, their numberless memorials to men and women of all degrees for public services and private virtues, to children, to rich harvests, to plagues, to victories; and I have again been filled with awe and with admiration of their builders.

The architects and rulers planned, the stonecutters and masons wrought, the peasants put in their pennies, the old guilds of workmen and of trades-

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folks, the kings, the bishops, the gentry,—all bore a hand, and the cathedrals arose.

This fine idea running through them all struck me forcibly, viz., the great house of meeting built by many men for all men, where they together might sing praises to God and join with each other in friendly intercourse and mutual help.

The same idea presents itself to us of this century also in the shape of schools and colleges founded and carried on by the many for all—a true democracy.

Some Harvard graduates conceived a meeting-house for Harvard students, joined heads and hands, and the house is here—a house open to all Harvard men without restriction and in which they all stand equal—

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a house bearing no name forever except that of our University.

Harvard students, you come here to be educated in the lecture-room and in the laboratory by your teachers, and to be educated by your daily life with each other; and it is a question which form will profit you more.

With the former part of your education, we laymen may well be content, trusting to your own zeal for work and to the powers of this chosen band of teachers.

For the latter part of your education the chances are less because the opportunities of free social intercourse among yourselves have not kept pace with the increasing number of students.

Excellent as are the existing clubs, they do not furnish the required field,

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for by their very nature they are limited in numbers and restricted by elections. Hence the need to you of this house for meeting each other, for meeting your teachers, who would gladly see you more freely, and for meeting the older graduates, who ask for the sunshine of your young, fresh years. One common meeting-ground we already have.

Yonder on the Delta stands a hall built in memory of Harvard men, who gave all they had or hoped for in this life that their country should be one, and should be ruled in the spirit of a broad and generous democracy. So high were the hopes of these men, so strong were their wishes, so firm their resolve, that our land should be the home of a free, united people, a field for the full

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development of the human race, that they thought no price too great to pay for that end.

Such was their problem and such their spirit, and in future years you will meet your great questions in the same spirit.

It is much to give up home, health, even life, in order to carry out one's national ideal, and yet it is the plain, over-mastering duty of the citizen in a free land. It is much for the loser in such a fierce struggle as our Civil War to give up the idea for which he has paid the last price, and to accept the outcome with a fine magnanimity as our brothers of the South have done. They have recognized that this whole country is theirs as well as ours.

We older men can hardly enter

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the cloister of Memorial Hall without a quickening of the pulses and a moistening of the eyes, without a feeling of sadness at the loss of our comrades and of gladness that they never hesitated in their course.

But it is not the memory of these men alone, whose names stand there on the roll of honor for all time, which moves us. We think of other friends who have run equal chances of danger, and have fought the long battle of life as bravely; men who have made this University what it is, or who have rendered distinguished services to their fellow-citizens and their country—we think of the many men who, leading useful lives in the background, are rarely mentioned, but whose memories are cherished by their classmates.

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We think of all these comrades with equal tenderness and respect, and as one after another, worn out with work or by the hard blows of life, drops, we close up the ranks, and drawing nearer to each other, we move on. It is the record of deep mutual trust and friendship, and such a boon we would pass on to you.

Our new house is built in the belief that here also will dwell this same spirit of democracy side by side with the spirit of true comradeship, friendship; but to-day this house is a mere shell, a body into which you, Harvard students, and you alone can breathe life and then by a constant and generous use of it educate yourselves and each other.

Looking back in life I can see no earthly good which has come to me

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so great, so sweet, so uplifting, so consoling, as the friendship of the men and the women whom I have known well and loved—friends who have been equally ready to give and to receive kind offices and timely counsel.

Is there anything more delightful than the ties between young fellows which spring up and strengthen in daily college life—friendships born of sympathy, confidence, and affection, as yet untouched by the interests and claims of later life?

We older men would offer to you a garden in which such saplings will grow until they become the oaks to whose shade you may always return for cheer and for rest in your victories and your troubles. Be sure that you will have both, for the one you

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will win and the other you must surely meet; and when they come, nothing will steady and strengthen you like real friends who will speak the frank words of truth tempered by affection—friends who will help you and never count the cost.

Friendship is the full-grown team-play of life, and in my eyes there is no limit to its value. The old proverb tells us that we have as many uses for friendship as for fire and water. Never doubt it, for you know all these things, and by and by you will feel them all around you—in your hearts.

It is this education, this joy which we would bring to you with your new house. We hope that in years to come you, on returning to Cambridge, will experience the same feelings that we have in Memorial Hall, when you

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think of your comrades here, who in due course will have done nobly their part in life.

Already on these walls stand tablets to great sons of Harvard, whose memories will ever be green, and much space remains for others who deserve well of their fellows. It may be that you will wish to record in this house the names of our young brothers who went to the Cuban war and never came back. Perhaps you may establish here, as at Oxford, an arena, where you can thresh out the questions of the day, and learn to state on your feet your opinions and the reasons for them.

One point pray note. The house will fail of its full purpose unless there is always a warm corner for that body of men who devote them-

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selves to the pursuit of knowledge and to your instruction—the whole staff of Harvard University, from our distinguished and honored President, the professors, librarians, and instructors to the youngest proctor. And if you see an older graduate enter the hall, go and sit beside him, tell him the college news, and make him a welcome guest, for this is the house of friendship. He wants your news and he likes boys, else he would not have come. Old men are more shy of boys than boys of old men. I have been one and am the other—and ought to know. Like the Arabs, nail wide open your doors and offer freely to all comers the salt of hospitality, for it is a great and a charming virtue.

Harvard students, we older men ask for you every joy and every bless-

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ing which has fallen to our lot, and we ask of you higher aims and hopes than ours, together with better work and greater achievements, for your problems will be harder, and your tasks greater than ours have been.

Remember that our University was founded for the public good and that it has a great history—that steady progress is essential to its moral and intellectual health and that the health and true welfare of our University and our country go hand in hand. Thus have they been made and thus only shall they endure.

Henceforth the government of this house is in your hands. May it be used only for the general good, and may private ends never be sought here!

In these halls may you, young men, see visions and dream dreams, and

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may you keep steadily burning the fire of high ideals, enthusiasm, and hope, otherwise you cannot share in the great work and glory of our new century. Already this century is bringing to you younger men questions and decisions to the full as interesting and as vital as the last century brought to us. Every honor is open to you, and every victory, if only you will dare, will strive strongly, and will persist.

Ours is the past and to you the future, and I am sure that the welfare and the honor of Harvard is as safe in your hands as it has been in those of your forbears.

Let Memorial Hall stand a temple consecrated to the spirit of large patriotism and of true democracy.

Let this house stand a temple con-

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secrated to the same spirit and to friendship.

One word more to you future citizens of the United States.

We as a nation have suffered a terrible blow, aimed at our national life, which, while resulting in the death of our chief magistrate, leaves our country absolutely unhurt, because we have a government of laws and not of men, and because our people are sound and true.

No one in his senses will for a moment offer any palliation of the cowardly, treacherous crime.

We reply by a renewal of our confession of faith, and by a stern resolve to square our daily thoughts and acts with our national faith and polity.

While we recognize that normal social conditions must constantly

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change, we meet such false and fatal insanity of thought and of deed by a noble sanity of thought and conduct, for ours is a government of healthy progress and not of anarchy.

May God keep safe and guide aright our fellow-graduate, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, President of the United States.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW
AN ADDRESS DELIVERED IN SANDERS
THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE
MAY 30, 1897



ROBERT GOULD SHAW

STUDENTS of Harvard University, and men of the Grand Army of the Republic, to-morrow, the Decoration Day of this year, will be made memorable by the unveiling of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens' monument to Colonel Robert G. Shaw and to the officers and men of the Fifty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers; and by an address delivered in the Music Hall of Boston, by Professor William James, one of whose brothers was adjutant of the Fifty-fourth and another an officer of the Fifty-fifth Regiment—both regiments colored troops; and still further by an address from Booker T. Washington, Principal of the Institute at Tuskegee, Alabama.

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To us it is a joyful day, for each year it marks the memories of comrades whose intelligence showed to them the right course, whose hearts approved it, and whose characters enabled them to take and keep it unflinchingly.

Decoration Day is their day, and all the rest of the year belongs to you.

To-day I wish to talk to you of the Fifty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, colored, commanded by Colonel Robert Shaw, and of slavery, which, as a deadly poison to our nation, they strove to remove.

Any word of mine which may seem harsh to our brothers of the South has no such meaning or feeling. The sin of slavery was national, and caused

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the sin of disunion. Together we wiped out with our blood these two great wrongs long ago, and we also wiped out all unkind feeling.

I for one feel sure of this last fact, and think that it has been helped by the conviction that our blows were aimed at the sins of slavery and of disunion, and not at our opponents.

My reason for speaking of slavery is to show you the thoughts and faith of our youth, the conditions surrounding it, and the results to us as men.

My reason for speaking of the Fifty-fourth Regiment is to set forth the devotion and great courage of its officers and men, for they knew full well that they should suffer the dislike of many Northerners and the extreme ire of Southerners; and yet

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they dared all—and by their high bearing and conduct made an epoch in a very troubled time.

My reason for asking leave to say a few words about Robert Shaw is that we, his comrades, respected and admired him more and more as time went on. Won at first by his great gift of personal charm, we were held fast by his high, simple, and loyal character. No doubt our country had many such, and indeed both armies were filled with men who, seeking nothing for themselves, did their duty well and then went quietly back to their homes. But Robert Shaw, while happy and content in his own regiment, nevertheless chose the nobler part of serving at the post of greatest danger and of obloquy, and thus helped the negroes to a standing un-

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known and indeed denied to them heretofore.

Therefore we held Robert Shaw dear, and so I would speak to you of him. If you think my words those of a friend and a lover, I can only answer that if you had known him, you also would have loved him as we did.

To many people of New England in the decades before 1860, the ideas and tenets of the Puritan church and the Constitution of the United States were the foundation stones of their faith,—not to be questioned, not even examined. These people received their religion and their morality ready made, and both of them in conformity with the established ideas; and they were content. If any one dissented and cared to think for himself, he was dangerous, and there-

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fore in a degree ostracized. This was natural and safe, and yet cowardly, even paralyzing, for the world cannot stand still without decay. Yet even then the transcendentalists had come and the abolitionists were talking hotly, and the younger generation was listening, and thinking for itself; and the storm was brewing. The love of the Constitution was admirable, and the wish to leave undisturbed so knotty a question as slavery, natural and perhaps wise; but the question could not be let alone. In the course of nature, slavery had either to grow larger or smaller; and if smaller, then its existence was endangered. This point the Southern statesmen—keen-eyed and long-headed, clever men—clearly saw, and therefore pushed on their policy of extension; but just

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through their very eagerness they failed. If they had moved more slowly, they might have delayed the conflict, which was, however, inevitable.

No one living at that time, and hating slavery of any kind, can forget the stern hand with which many good men and women repressed freedom of thought, and more especially thought of slavery. It was a daily pain to meet one's friends and companions, and be constantly visited with their displeasure or contempt or neglect if one ventured to disapprove the course of public affairs in this regard. On the other side were a few idealists or quiet folks, who, though hating slavery, spoke of the anti-slavery cause as hopeless, and of the United States as irretrievably given over to a deadly

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sin; and the abolitionists, who, most intemperate in their language, demanded the instant abolition of slavery or the breaking of the Union,—almost preferably the latter.

Then came the Fugitive Slave law, under which runaway slaves were arrested, tried here, and sent back to their owners; the last and bitterest case being that of Anthony Burns, who, guided by a marshal's posse of hired roughs, by United States troops, and by our best Massachusetts militia, acting from a sense of duty and in obedience to law, was marched from the Court House in Boston to the United States revenue cutter lying at the wharf and bound for Virginia.

Charles Sumner, speaking his mind in an unwise fashion before the United

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States Senate, was beaten in his seat by a Southern representative, and the foolish and brutal act was applauded by some good people of our town.

The territories of Kansas and Nebraska were thrown open to slavery, and the Southerners tried to fasten slavery on them. But it was too much, and human nature revolted; and although the slaveholders had the countenance of the United States authorities and troops, they were pushed out by the Northern men.

To cap all, our bulwark, the United States Supreme Court, delivered the famous Dred Scott decision,—only Judge Curtis dissenting.

It declared that by our Constitution negroes were not citizens of the United States, and that they had never had any rights which the white

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man was bound to respect; and that they might justly and lawfully be enslaved for their own good.

All this time what were the young men, whose souls were filled with these horrors, saying and doing?

They could not go along with the abolitionists; they could not go along with the men who despaired of their country's virtue and wisdom.

A man cannot give up his mother, cannot blush for his sweetheart, cannot deny his God. In a moment of weakness or doubt he may try to do these things, but he will fail.

The young men were growing up, were thinking hard, aching all over, were telling themselves that their elders were passing from the stage, and they themselves were coming on it—and they were quietly swearing

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that truth and freedom should win. They must gather strength and learn patience,—even learn it patiently,—and be ready for their day, which was near at hand.

At last came the struggle, the election of Lincoln, the secession of one State after another, the attack on a United States fort and soldiers; and men, springing to their feet, thanked God that at last the beginning of the end was in sight, and that the rending of our beloved country through slavery should cease. It was a great relief to many patient people; but the nation had still much to do and to bear.

The abolitionists stood aloof, refusing to help, unless slavery was at once abolished by law. They even clamored to “let the wayward Southern sisters

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go in peace," and convinced many good people of the wisdom of this course.

The mass of Northern citizens stood only on keeping the Union whole; and most of our young soldiers, refusing to touch the question of slavery, or to trench on the rights of the slaveholders, enlisted in order to save their country. Our President called on the loyal States for troops, and the great war began,—a war which, caused by slavery, was waged chiefly to uphold the integrity of the United States. Such was the thought and feeling of the North.

But the yeast was in the dough and was working; and as the fearful struggle between the two great sections of the nation went on, with ever varying fortunes, we saw clearly by

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the light of the camp-fires that our government, based on a system of slavery, could not exist in peace and health. While the nation was learning this truth, our great President was patiently biding his time; and at last, seeing that the hour for casting off slavery by law had come, issued the Emancipation Proclamation. Although the war was then eighteen months old, this step was a shock to many excellent Northern citizens, who did not see that all reason for the upholding of slavery had ceased. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small."

Only those living in the early days of '61 can guess at the fever-heat, the enthusiasm and loyalty glowing in our people at that time and which burst forth at the President's first call

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for troops. The first regiments to march felt the full force of this tide, and among them was the splendid Seventh Regiment, New York National Guard, the pride of that city. In this regiment Robert Shaw served as a private soldier. As it swung out from Union Square into Broadway, it was greeted with a roar which lasted all the way to the Battery, where it embarked, and Robert Shaw, the flank man of his platoon, was seized and kissed by man after man, as they marched down Broadway.

He served his thirty days in Maryland and Washington, and then was commissioned in the Second Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

It was the first regiment enlisted for three years of the war and accepted by the United States, and in

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it I had the honor to serve. During the early days of camp life, May, '61, at Brook Farm in West Roxbury, I first saw Robert Shaw, and was captivated by him, as most people were.

Let me tell you how he looked: his figure was firmly and closely knit, rather short and erect, and his gait and movements alert. His features were delicate and well-cut, and set off by a fine complexion and winning merry blue eyes and golden hair,—a very handsome man. He had charming, easy, frank manners, and gay, yet thoughtful ways. Every one liked him, and all trusted him implicitly. He did his full share of the new and severe work, and brightened life by his droll words and his cheerful smiles.

We young fellows, full of enthusiasm and bent only on defending our

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country, had been drawn by an irresistible impulse into the service. We could not stay at home, and were very eager to make ourselves soldiers.

We were fortunate in learning our first lessons from two well-trained and able West Point officers,—Colonel George H. Gordon and Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Andrews, who spared neither themselves nor us in every detail of duty.

And so we worked away in camp, and marched on July 8, 1861, through Boston; were taken to New York, Philadelphia, and Hagerstown, and thence marched to Virginia and Harper's Ferry. There the engine-house of the United States Armory, within whose walls John Brown had been captured, was our guard-house; and among other daily duties our

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regiment was ordered to stop run-away slaves and give them up to their owners who might claim them. It was a great trial to Robert Shaw as to many of us, but we had just sworn obedience to the United States, and had no recourse from this duty.

The summer and early fall were spent in the usual duties of soldiers,—except that of fighting,—but we got the needed training, the habits which insure involuntary obedience and efficiency; and we learned the proper care of our own health and that of our men. Each officer vied with the others in raising the standard of work, and Robert Shaw did his full share, enlivening it with his gayety and his very presence. Now and again came an alarm or a little picket-firing, and late in October we

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had a sharp night march to Ball's Bluff, with high hopes of a good fight, but we arrived only in time to see the wounded men who had been rescued from death or capture.

After some months of service, Major Greely Curtis, Captain Motley, and I were commissioned in the First Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, and thus were parted from our old friends. We rarely met Robert Shaw after that, but we watched the course of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, gloried in its splendid service, and mourned for its great losses at the battles of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, and Gettysburg.

Except during a few months on the staff of General Gordon, our first colonel, Robert Shaw served contin-

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uously with the Second Massachusetts. It was his school and home for nearly two years, and its honor is his honor. It served in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and had a foremost part in many of our great battles there until the fall of '63, when it was sent West to serve under General Grant in the Chattanooga campaign, and finally marched with Sherman to the sea and to North Carolina, where Johnston's army surrendered to the Federal army under Sherman.

Four years to a day after this regiment went into camp at Brook Farm, it entered Richmond, May 11, 1865. The war had been fought out, President Lincoln had been killed, and peace ruled once more throughout our land. It had marched from Bos-

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ton with thirty-eight commissioned officers and 1040 enlisted men, whose numbers were increased several times by recruits. It took into Richmond four of the original officers and less than one hundred enlisted men. Its record is that it never left a position in battle until ordered to do so by its brigade commander. More cannot be said for soldiers.

One morning in February, '63, as our regiment, the First Massachusetts Cavalry, lay in camp before Fredericksburg, Robert Shaw and Charles Morse, who also was a fine officer of the Second Massachusetts, rode up to the little log-house in which Greely Curtis and I lived. We four had marched from Boston together, had lived and worked together, and were held together by strong bonds. Robert

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Shaw, who was very fond of Greely Curtis, came to tell us that he was going home to be colonel of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Infantry, colored. This was great news, indeed a real event in our lives; for we all knew how much Robert cared for his own regiment, the Second Massachusetts, how fond he was of his old comrades, and how contrary to his wishes this move was.

Sure of all this, and knowing well the full significance and nobility of the step, we two troopers expressed our strong approval and sympathy with his action, which greatly pleased him, for at that date plenty of good people frowned on the use of colored troops. Bob said, "Governor Andrew has asked me, and I am going; but if either of you fellows will go, I'll

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gladly serve under you. I don't want the higher rank." We should have been glad to serve under him, but had our duty to perform in our own regiment; and so we could only bid him good-by.

From the beginning of the war, our great Governor Andrew had thought that colored men should be enlisted as soldiers, and at last, after many urgent pleas from his eloquent lips, had got leave from the War Department to raise such a regiment in Massachusetts. Looking around for a commander, he had lighted on Robert Shaw, and asked his father, Mr. Francis G. Shaw, to take the offer to his son. Robert refused, doubting his own capacity, and his father went home. Next day Robert talked the matter over with his commanding

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officer, who assured him of his entire fitness for the task, and therefore he telegraphed to Governor Andrew his acceptance of the offer.

He writes at this time to his mother: "I feel convinced I shall never regret having taken this step, as far as I myself am concerned; for while I was undecided I felt ashamed of myself, as if I were cowardly." It was all in accord with his nature. He had a singularly simple, direct, earnest, true mind and character. He held strong opinions and beliefs which governed him, and was not tortured with doubts as so many people are. He took things as they came, and did the plain duty ready to his hand. He thought for himself; revolted at the sight of injustice or cruelty; was full of courage and manliness, and en-

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riched and warmed his own life and that of others by his sympathy and affection. Not a sign of fanaticism or of sentimentality, but a deep, true, and warm reverence for goodness and nobility in men and women, was always present and expressed. He had been fortunate in parents who held high and generous views of life, and who brought up their large family in the same spirit. Our land is to-day the richer for the work and the lives of this family circle,—of brilliant soldiers, scholars, public citizens,—Mr. Francis G. Shaw, General Francis C. Barlow, Colonel Charles R. Lowell, George William Curtis, and Robert B. Minturn,—and the name of one woman now living is always heard throughout our land when good deeds are done.

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During his camp life with the Second Massachusetts, Robert Shaw, following his natural bent, had turned to the men of the highest character and ideas, and he gave them his confidence and affection. They in their turn loved him for his charms and his great virtues. In those days he never seemed to be a distinguished man, and yet even then a rare man. He was like a day in June, sweet, wholesome, vigorous, breezy.

But his qualities of which I speak blended so well that they carried him straight forward to a great work, and thus to high honor. With plenty of brains, he nevertheless was chiefly distinguished through his character, which is by far the finer and rarer gift.

My words fail to give a full picture

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of the man. Listen to a letter written just after Robert Shaw's death by one fellow-officer of the Second Massachusetts to another. The writer had met Robert Shaw first in camp at Brook Farm, had served by his side for two years, and was himself a high-minded, simple-hearted, loyal soldier and gentleman, who had just distinguished himself highly at Gettysburg. He writes:—

“I suppose it was as great a shock to you as it was to me, Bob Shaw's death; it seemed almost impossible to realize it.

“I never had any one's death come home to me so, as his did. I never knew a fellow I liked so much nor could sympathize with so fully. He had such a happy disposition that it was always pleasant to be near him.

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I've often in camp gone into his tent to sit and read, when neither of us would say a word for an hour, merely for this reason.

"I have accepted it as a natural consequence when other good fellows have been killed, but Bob's death I can't get over. I don't think I ever knew any one who had everything so in his favor for a happy life.

"Not looking at it selfishly, his death was certainly a glorious one. Very few officers have had such a chance to distinguish themselves, nor will be so well remembered. His regiment must have done nobly."

This is a letter to Colonel Greely Curtis from Colonel Charles Morse of the Second Massachusetts, who sits among you; and is but what we all felt about our dear and happy comrade.

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When Robert Shaw reached the camp of the Fifty-fourth Regiment at Readville in February, he took up his task with both hands, and thoroughly trained himself, and ably assisted by all his officers he made his regiment ready for service by the end of May, a regiment with which he was well content. On the second of May, '63, he was married, and on the twenty-eighth of May, the Fifty-fourth broke camp and came to Boston to take the steamer for South Carolina.

I would say a word of his white officers, with Colonel Norwood Hallowell and Colonel Edward Hallowell at the head of the list. They were young fellows, many of whom had already been serving in other regiments, while some were fresh from college or other pursuits. It was a

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very fine body of officers, who had looked their work in the face and were doing it well.

Can you see those brave black men, well drilled and disciplined, proud of themselves, proud of their handsome colonel (he was only twenty-six years old) and of their gallant, earnest young white officers, marching through crowded streets in order to salute Governor Andrew, their true friend, standing before the State House surrounded by his staff of chosen and faithful aids; and then once more marching to the steamer at Battery Wharf, while thousands of men and women cheered them—the despised race—to the echo as they went forth to blot out with their own blood the sin of the nation? Every negro knew that he ran other

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and greater risks than the soldiers of the white regiments; and still more, every one of those white officers knew that even at the hands of many, many Northern officers and men he would not receive equal treatment.

Such had been the opinion and feeling even in our own State, but the tide here had turned; turned through the courage and character of our great Governor, through the disinterestedness and devotion of these very white officers; turned by the power of God Almighty.

The Fifty-fourth Regiment did its regular service and some sharp fighting, but Colonel Shaw was constantly seeking a chance to put his men to a severe trial by the side of tried white troops; and he was sure of the result. "I do hope they will give us a

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chance," he said. On July 18, an assault on Fort Wagner was ordered, and the lead was offered by General Strong to Colonel Shaw, who eagerly seized the chance.

The assault was ordered about sundown and made at once. All the preparations were in full sight of the men in the fort, who were ready to meet it. Colonel Shaw saw clearly the great danger of the assault; that it was a desperate chance; but thus far he had taken the duty right to hand, and he took this duty also. The attack gallantly made succeeded for a short time; but the resistance was equally gallant and stubborn, and the slaughter was great. The Fifty-fourth, notwithstanding a hard fight, was beaten back, and Colonel Shaw, two of his officers, and many of his

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men were killed, — killed right on the ramparts, while many more were wounded.

“Right in the van

On the red rampart's slippery swell,

With heart that beat a charge, he fell

Foeward, as fits a man :

But the high soul burns on to light men's feet

Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet.”

Thus these white officers and these black men had atoned, so far as in them lay, for the sin of slavery ; and the negroes had won their places as brave, steady soldiers. Recruits as they were, they had been sorely tried, and by their gallantry had made an epoch in the war and in the history of the black race.

One fact you should know. General Thomas Stevenson of Massachusetts was in command of the field dur-

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ing the night following the assault, and personally saw to it that the wounded black soldiers were brought within our lines before the wounded white soldiers, thinking the former more likely to suffer at the hands of the enemy than the latter, for the Confederate Government had issued orders to hang or enslave any one serving in the colored regiments, because such service was regarded as inciting servile insurrection.

The Fifty-fourth Regiment served throughout the war, distinguished itself by its steady courage in the field and by its soldierly bearing in camp and in Charleston, South Carolina, after the declaration of peace, and at last came home to due honor at the hands of Governor Andrew and his staff, standing on the State House

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steps just opposite to the spot where this monument has been placed.

In the name of our University, I salute the Fifty-fourth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, colored, officers and men, and thank them for their bravery and their steadfastness in service.

They have done their duty nobly, and will be immortalized by the beautiful monument which Mr. St. Gaudens has with infinite work and love wrought to their memory, and which he will unveil to our eyes to-morrow. Their story is but an episode in the story of the great war and in the story of civilization; and yet how momentous!

Harvard students! this record of past days is full of meaning for you and for us all, to-day and always. Our

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nation was in great trouble and in dire need of men who could see the truth—our Harvard motto—and uphold it. These men came forth and upheld the truth, and the trouble was overcome.

No doubt the cost in the lives of men and the agony of women, and also in the demoralization from war was great; but the right prevailed, and the United States of America came out of the fiery trial intact, and took its place among the great nations of the earth.

Of course, the troubled times developed these men, but the times will always be troubled, and will always develop men who are ready for service—be it war or peace.

War is a dreadful remedy, to be used only when all else fails, but

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when the great need comes, remember our Virginian Colonel Robert Williams' order to us, his troopers, "Gentlemen, during action if you are in doubt, ride straight to the front and charge!"

Boys, your generation also in turn has its own fresh ideals, and its message to the world, which we older men welcome; but we would also help you to see the needs of to-day.

We know that under stress of war you would prove yourselves brave and loyal soldiers, but your trial comes in the days of peace, and you as citizens are quite as much needed at the front as we were in '61.

Let your enthusiasm and your love for noble thoughts and deeds, for noble men and women, have full swing, and they will show to you

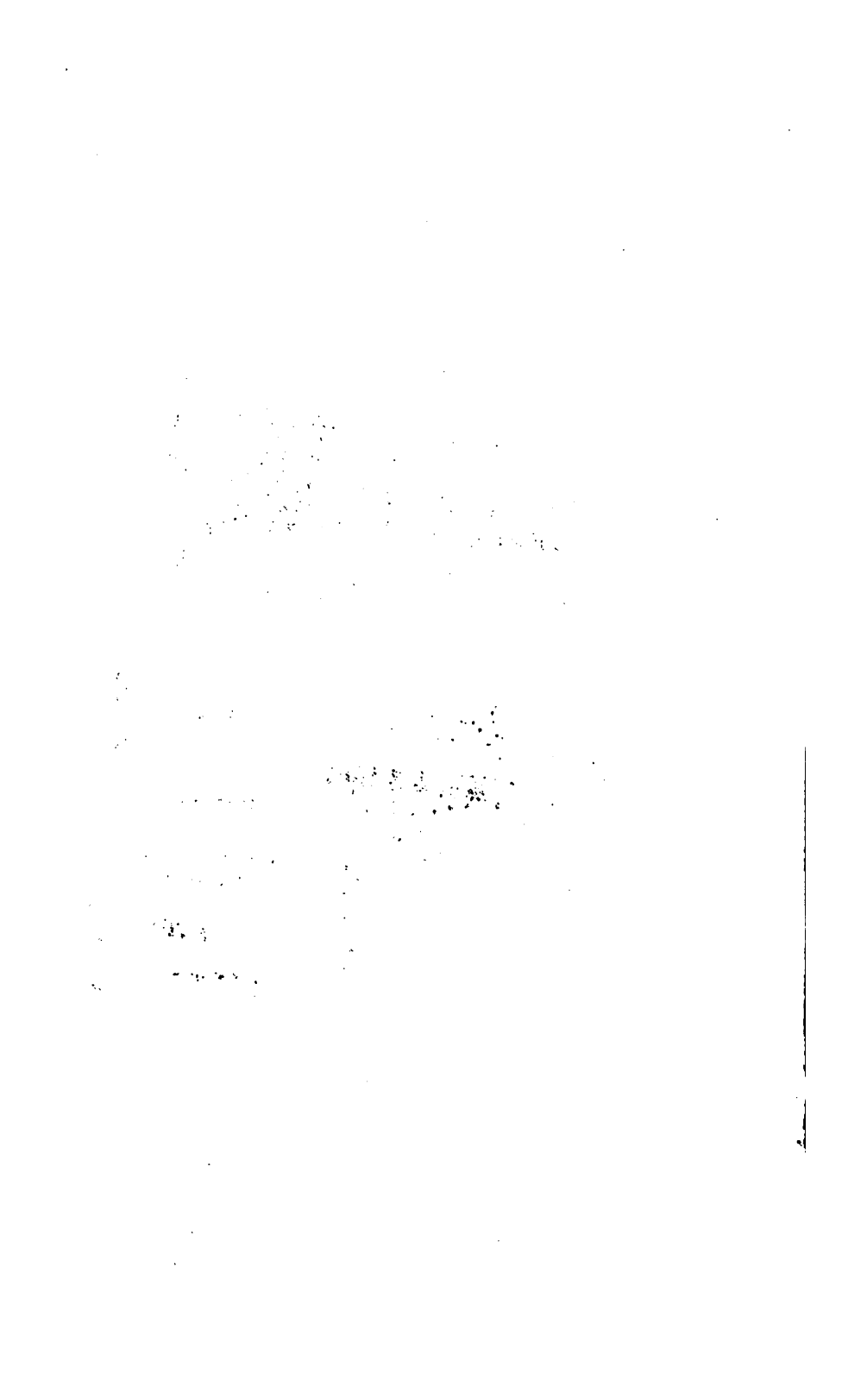
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clearly your birthright,—the duty and beauty of serving your country.

The honor of the nation rests with you, for the hope of a nation is in its young men.

In yonder cloister, on the tablet with his classmates of 1860, is engraved the name of ROBERT GOULD SHAW. He will always be an heroic figure to you, while to us—his comrades—he will be all this, and furthermore the dear friend, respected and beloved.

Harvard students! whenever you hear of Colonel Shaw, or of any officer or of any man of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, salute him in the name of Harvard University and Harvard men.



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